

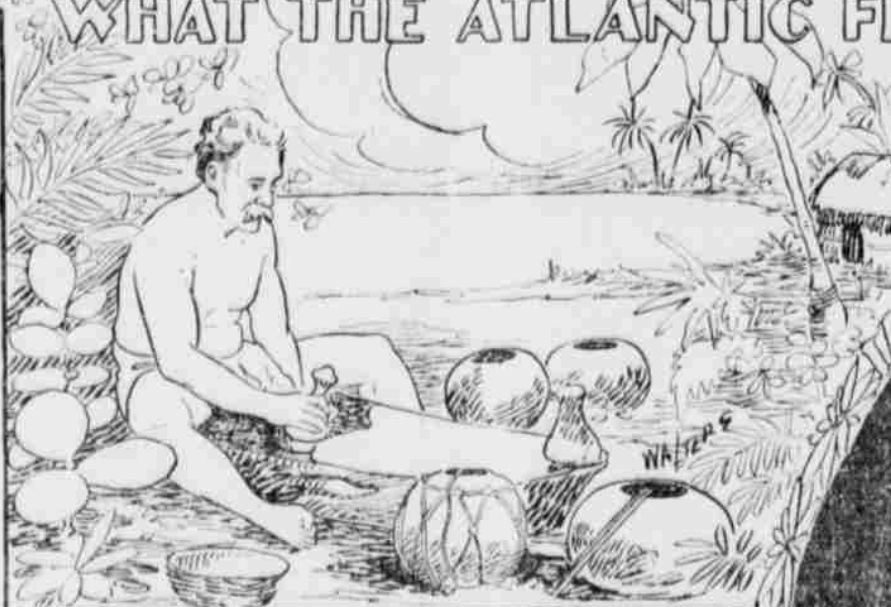
# "LOVE TO YOU" IS GREETING TO TARS IN HAWAII AND SAMOA.

WHAT THE ATLANTIC FLEET SAILORS SAW THERE  
BY JAMES RICALTON

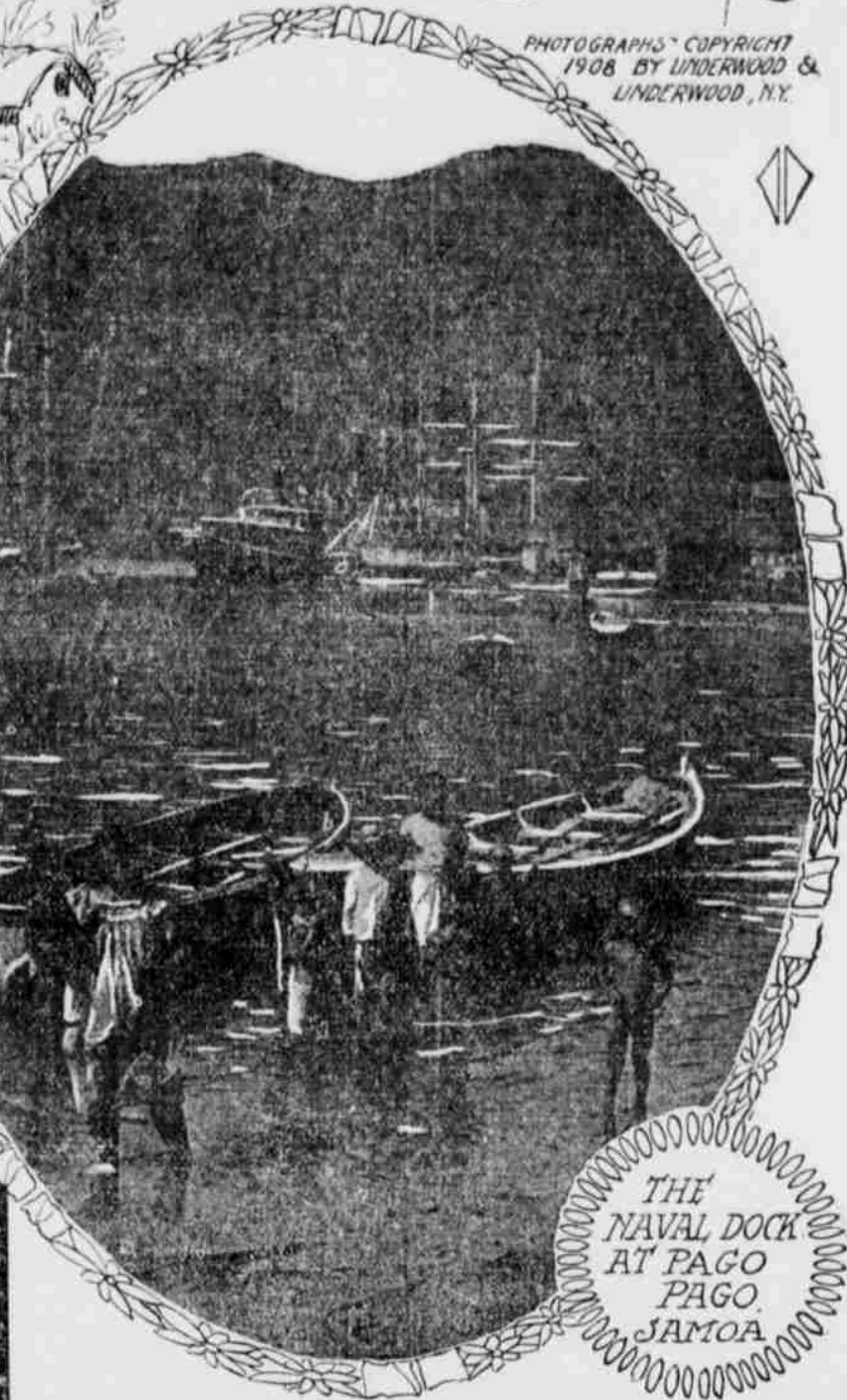
PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT  
1908 BY UNDERWOOD &  
UNDERWOOD, N.Y.



A BEAUTIFUL PAW PAW PLANTATION NEAR HONOLULU WITH JAPANESE LABORERS



ARRIVING AT PAGO PAGO



THE NAVAL DOCK AT PAGO PAGO, SAMOA



**I**n Hawaii and Samoa sailors of the Atlantic fleet saw a mid-Pacific paradise peopled by a noble race whose hospitality is a proverb beautifully expressed in their own charming words of greeting, "Aloha" in the Hawaiian islands and "Talofa" in the Samoans, signifying "Love to you," in both languages. Our "alohas" and "talofas" ("howdies" and "halloes") are formal and often hollow and heartless, while those of the Kanakas may be counted on as sincere and heartfelt. Not so much does the paradise consist in shaven lawns, castle homes, and pompered luxury in domestic life, as rather in the simple homes of the natives, in the charming villas of the foreigners nestling in tropical luxuriance, and in a climate of a soft variableness of only ten degrees, never heaping from the rigors of Antarctic to excruciating heat in the temperate zones, which are often not temperate but excessive in both heat and cold.

When the boys had entered the harbor of Honolulu they saw to landward a skyline of peaks and craters, some grim and somber in a kind of ancient lava, others fresh and green with a heaving produced by an unstinted moisture and a tropical warmth. Many of these peaks are extinct craters where fiery energies ceased in the remote past, and are now grazing lands whose inner bounds are animated with feeding flocks and herds. One of these, known as the "Punch-bowl," forms a stable and lofty background for the beautiful city spread out between it and the sea. But, ah! if there were a thirsty "jacky" among all the boys, this craterform punch bowl contains not even so much as a "drop-of-the-crater,"—only an occasional border's cot, whose occupants, all unconscious of the bustling city not far away, are familiar with the note of the quail and the plover and the vanishing song of the sky-lark.

When the boys went ashore and into this mid-ocean metropolis they found few remains of aboriginal conditions. They found everything up-to-date; the streets regular, broad, and well paved; the buildings substantial and modern. Electric lights illumined the streets and the street-cars. Beautiful mansions and costly villas are hidden among bowers of tropical trees and shrubs. Avenues of tall palm trees away their fronds against the sky, and vistas of cocoanut palms lead the way to cottages away from the thoroughfares. Artificially trimmed lawns and hedges and well-kept gardens meet the eye at every turn. Ornamental flower-beds furnish the necessary color in the profusion of tropical green. Gorgeous hibiscus splashes the hedge rows, and the congregate in fruit and bloom presents a novelty to unfamiliar eyes from northern latitudes. The churches have donned the bodiced gowns as in European countries.

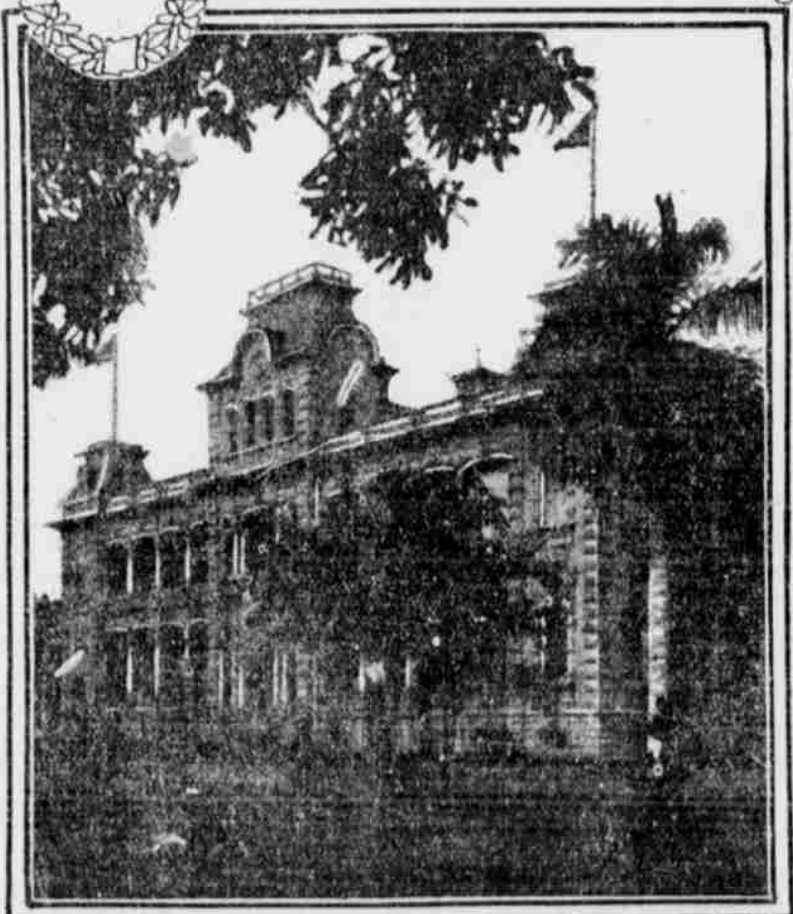
Many sampled the national dish called poi, a favorite comestible curiously made and partaken of with great zest at the Hawaiian "Luan" or feast. Poi is made from the bulb of a water plant called taro by the natives; it is a plant of the arum family resembling the calla lily; it has an oblong root, which, when baked and mashed, forms a glutinous paste without much taste, except to an educated palatinate; however, Jack tried the poi.

Before he got clear of the landing place to enter the city he saw the flower sellers who work special kinds of flowers into various fantastic decorative ornaments such as wreaths and hat-bands. The Kanakas are a musical and flower-loving people; and the boys were not many hours in the insular capital before they had evidence of their musical bent and at least a commercial love of flowers. They were also reminded how different peoples by some circumstance of poetry are led into a peculiar personal habit of decoration, the Japanese and Manchurian women into giving chief attention to fantastic and elaborate coiffure, the Chinese to "fillets," the women of other nations into heaving their arms and ankles with bracelets and anklets, others again into trimming the ears and nose with rings.

Rice fields were trodden to boys from some of our southern states, but they were a novelty to those from the north who know rice only in a rice-pudding; the sugar cane plantation recalled the fields of fodder-corn on the northern home farm. Instead of the chestnuts, hick nuts, butter nuts of a northern boyhood he found chiefly.

If the boy from the fleet could not find his accustomed muskmelon with which to slake a tropical thirst, he found an excellent substitute in the succulent and well-peppared pawpaw, a wonderfully wholesome and refreshing fruit, plantations of which he saw in the immediate suburbs of Honolulu. He did not look for apples as a native product, but in lieu thereof he indulged his frugivorous instincts on oranges, mangoes, pomelo-grapes, guavas, and the finest pineapple in the world, some of which exceed ten pounds in weight. Some visited the great pineapple plantations a few miles out of the city.

Having mentioned a few of the many interesting places and things that



THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, HONOLULU.

the boys of the fleet saw in this delightful mid-ocean territory, let us pass on to another. When they took leave of Honolulu they had a sail of 2,270 miles a little each of south, before they were greeted by the "talofas" of our most southern wards in the south Pacific, the natives of the Samoan islands. These islands are nearly 1,000 miles south of the equator, and I do not recall that we can claim a foot of territory in the southern hemisphere barring the island of Tutuila and its insular appendages. The two latter islands of the group belong to Germany. It is just 140 years since this group was first visited by Europeans; but it is claimed by apparent authority that they were first peopled about 800 years ago, and strange to say, by people from the island of Sumatra, some 50 of whom had set out in crazy old canoes in search of some imaginary devil whom they wished to destroy. After wandering over the ill-limited Pacific for long, weary months—touching at the Philippines and at the Hawaiian islands, they finally reached the Samoans.

It is claimed that the Samoans are the finest native race in the world. The boys of the fleet saw a fine type of an aboriginal in the Kanakas of the Hawaiian and here again they saw another branch of the same racial tree; but it is difficult sometimes to reconcile all the theories as to origins of primal races. It has been claimed also that the aborigines of Australia came from Sumatra; the Australian, the lowest aboriginal known, and the Samoan the highest, both from the same parent stock about the same time. It appears a little awkward historically. We will leave that matter to the ethnologist. Our sailors saw for themselves that the typical Samoan is generally a fine specimen of physical development and possesses pleasing, moral qualities.

Most people remember how the island of Tutuila came into the possession of the United States in 1899 with some unimportant surrounding islets; and will recall also the international squabble involving England, Germany, and the United States, as to whether Mataafa or Maitetia Laupepa should be king. England withdrew and the home governments compromised on an agreement that the islands should be divided between Germany and the United States, Talofa Samoa!



NATIVES OF PAGO PAGO, SAMOA WITH PALM THATCHED HUT

the latter taking over the island of Tutuila which contains the small but fine harbor of Pago Pago.

The island of Tutuila is 17 miles in length and three or four in width, and the inlet constituting the harbor of Pago Pago is about two miles in length and a half mile in width, surrounded by heavily wooded mountains.

The native people with warm brown skin, their houses without any inclosing walls and with palm-thatched roofs, most attracted the attention of the naval lads. The typical Samoan must not be judged by the "beach" types who are generally mentalized by contact with travelers and sea-faring men. The true characteristics of the Samoan, as in other parts of the world, must be sought among the rural folks, and this can only be done during a prolonged sojourn. A foreigner need have no fear in penetrating the interior; he is quite safe and even welcomed with a sincere "talofa." The tapo or belle of the village kindly receives him, and most likely presents him with a cup of their favorite beverage called Kava. Poi, as already mentioned, is a national dish with the Kanaka, which the fleet boys sampled; at Pago Pago they tried the Samoan national drink. Although the tapo be fair as fairness goes in Samoa, and also be the daughter of a chief or family of high rank as she usually is, and although womanhood generally is here of a vigorous order, the well known gallantry of over sea warriors was hardly equal to a cup of the refreshing Kava after the process of manufacture became known. Kava is made from the root of the plant Piper methysticum, and its chemistry involves a rather unusual manipulation, or I should rather say, mastication. The prettiest maids are selected for Kava making; they are seated around a huge wooden bowl; the green or dry Kava root is cut into small pieces; and after the girls have been required to rinse out their mouths, they all proceed to chew the sliced root. As fast as thoroughly chewed it is stored up in their cheeks, chipmunk fashion, until the fullness becomes burdensome, when they disgorge into the wooden bowl until sufficient has been chewed for the company present. This finely comminuted pulp is diluted with water and stirred with a bunch of roots, and delivered in a cocoanut cup, first to the most important guest, who drinks and spins the empty cup back to be refilled for the next in point of rank, and so on. There were few boys in the fleet polite enough, gallant enough, brave enough, to drink Kava with the Samoan lassies, Talofa Samoa!